

# HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

Vol. 4, No. 1, May, 1944

Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

New York, N. Y., 5 Cents

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS BY EDDIE DOHERTY

A FEW months ago a Chicago woman conceived the idea of giving her Saturday nights over to the entertainment of close friends. She did not intend to give them any musical treats. She had no parlor games in mind. She was not going to serve up any social lions or celebrities. Nor did she mean to throw any card party or gossip fest.

Her idea was to entertain them with a discussion about God and the things of God—with talks about charity, and holy poverty, and obedience to the divine will, and the virtues of humility and work. Dry things like that.

About a dozen people came on the first Saturday night. The hostess had chairs enough for all of them—if pillows placed on the floor can be considered chairs. She began her discussion by reading from a book, and then by expatiating on what she had read.

Suddenly she broke off and asked one of her friends—

"How do you feel about that, Jessie?"

Jessie mumbled something, flushed, and avoided the lady's eyes.

"And you, Sarah—what do you think?"

Sarah expressed an idea, not quite clearly perhaps, but distinctly enough so that it could be recognized as a thought worth discussing. And four or five in the room began to talk about it all at once, and in turn.

Along about 11 o'clock the hostess, with the help of two or three  
(Continued on page 6)

## OPEN LETTER TO IRVIN S. COBB

Dear Mr. Cobb:

Some months prior to your passing on (and by now you should not object strenuously to my assumption that there is another life into which we pass), you wrote a letter to be opened after your death. No doubt this arrangement made you feel safe from any criticism, but you failed to reckon with the naive faith of youth, for I like to think, Mr. Cobb, and I shall proceed on this assumption, that *wherever* you are now you may in some manner know of this reply, and that you now realize the puerility and error of your reasoning.



Perhaps at the actual moment of death you experienced a change of views quite different from the indifferent attitude toward immortality which you professed in your last testament. But even if you altered your opinions at the last moment, you obviously had no corresponding period of grace in which to change the text of your letter. Thus you have left the world with a very unseemly literary memento which makes you compare favorably with the cow that gave a pail of good milk—and then kicked it over.

"I in death I desire that no one shall look upon my face," you began, "and once more I charge my family that they shall put on none of the bogus habiliments of so-called mourning...I

ask that my body be wrapped in a plain sheet or cloth and placed in an inexpensive container and immediately cremated—without any special formality or ceremony." It really is incongruous, Mr. Cobb, that a man of your supposedly high intellectual fibre could have such a shallow philosophy. Not only do you exhibit ignorance of the great dignity of the human body because it is a temple of the Holy Ghost, but you also display an impudent skepticism about the immortality of the soul. You speak flippantly of the disposal of your mortal remains, suggesting that your ashes shall be taken in a "plain canister" to Paducah, and "a hole shall be dug...and a dogwood tree planted there and the ashes strewn in the hole to fertilize the tree roots. Should the tree live that will be monument enough for me." In a distorted effort to be humorous you leave the impression of being most unfunny when you utter the profound maxim that "when a man dies with his sins, let the sins die with the man. That's what I say and it sums up such speculations as I might ever have had touching on the future state, if *any*. For me a suitable epitaph would be: 'Anyhow, he left here.' But never mind that. It might offend some of the pious and I'd hate to go on giving offense after I've quit living." But you leave reasonable doubt as to the sincerity of the last statement, Mr. Cobb, by your smug comments on heaven and hell, which are flippantly crude enough to offend *any* person of finer sensibilities, irrespective of how pious he might be. Because you *have* given offense after you've "quit living" as you phrase it, you force me to protest as the spokesman for a large group of Americans of all creeds to whom a sense and an appreciation of eternal values is cherished and es-  
(Continued on page 8)



## HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

34 WEST 135th STREET

Tel. AUdubon 3-4892

CATHERINE DE HUECK.....Editor  
 NANCY GRENNELL.....Assistant Editor  
 ANN HARRIGAN.....EDDIE DOHERTY

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS is owned, operated and published monthly September through June and bi-monthly, July-August by Friendship House at 34 West 135th Street, New York 30, N. Y. Entered as second class matter December 13, 1943, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription Price 50c Year. Single copies 5c.

### THE NEXT STEP

**Y**ES, it has come at last. THE NEXT STEP IN THE GROWTH OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE.

We dreamed about it for many long, weary years. (We, it seems, always dream.) We hoped and prayed for it—and then suddenly it is here. Like Spring—God IS good. Alleluia. Exceedingly good.

Of course we are talking about "a House in the Country!" With a few acres to start a kitchen garden on, that will provide the two (and maybe three by Fall) Friendship Houses, with fresh and canned vegetables, potatoes and the like, which are so very welcome in the cold harsh months of the year, when our slim budgets are slimmer than ever.

No, we are not yet ready for the Rural Apostolate. Maybe because the Foundress of FH was raised on the farm and knows the endless, back-breaking round of work from sunup to sundown only too well. Or maybe because we want to be very sure, when we transfer our white and Negro friends to the farm, that they will be happy and at home there, and want to go because they fully understand the wonderful life that is lived there—natural and pleasing to God. And that takes many years of study and preparation. Especially for such urbanized people, as live in the tragic Harlems of America.

**N**O, we want just a big, rambling house, standing by the edge of a lake, or river. With anywhere from five to fifteen acres of good land. With plenty of trees around the house. We would not object to an orchard, be it ever so small. Plenty of privacy, too. For we plan to use the place for many things. First, it will be a place of rest. For all the overworked (and are they overworked) Staff Workers of Friendship House. Taking turns they will spend their holidays there. It will be a lovely summer holiday at that, starting with an eight-day retreat, and then three weeks of just resting, loafing, swimming and working in the kitchen garden. After the hard city pavements—what a joy this will be! Volunteers will be welcomed, too, during June, July and August to take these vacations, if they wish.

Then through the rest of the year the place will be open to the friends of FH, in need of a rest, by special arrangements. We also plan to hold at specific dates an Americanized version of the French "Semaines Sociales"—"Social Weeks"—in which, under clerical and lay leadership, special groups will for a week or two study some phase of the Lay Apostolate, so vitally needed in our dark days.

**T**HE house must be warm and snug, for it will be opened the year round. A generous friend is helping to pay for it. All we need then is the PLACE! Friends of the Middle West, do you know of such a gem in your vicinity? Lake Michigan is

## HARLEM

*Oh filthily they run the tenements  
 In which we live and even short-weight our food,  
 All second-rate, as they overcharge our rents—  
 For black folk any rotten stuff is good!  
 They sell our youngsters the exciting zoots,  
 Which conflicts stir between them and the whites,  
 From our unhappy lives they pluck the finest fruits,  
 To entertain their jaded appetities.*

*And then they reach out to control our brains,  
 Cocksure from N. Y. U. and City College,  
 Their children rush to Harlem on the trains,  
 With rare ideas of dispensing knowledge.  
 To Negroes who for many centuries,  
 Have had their glory cabins in the skies.*

*Black intellectuals deep dive for the bait,  
 It is easy our misfortunes to transfer  
 To blind Class Struggle, even as at Heaven's gate  
 We shout to God his blessings to confer.  
 And so in summer while they are making hay,  
 Upon our woes, in winter burning coal,  
 We turn from Heaven to Hades there to pray  
 Karl Marx to take in charge our helpless soul!*

*So while their grip is on the Negro's throat,  
 His real problem they dexterously evade,  
 For they are sitting firmly in the boat,  
 Which they employ the Negro sea to raid:  
 Betimes their sirens chant of heavenly roses  
 In Marx's Canaan in exchange for Moses.*

CLAUDE McKAY.

a good spot. The lakes of Wisconsin another. We have no special choice of States as long as it is within easy reach of Chicago. Please let us know. Please pray that we might soon find the Dream Place. For we must make that NEXT STEP—soon.

PERHAPS SOMEONE WOULD LIKE TO GIVE US SUCH A WONDERFUL GIFT. DON'T HESITATE! PLEASE! FOR WE SHALL HAVE TO BEG FOR SO MANY THINGS. FURNISHINGS, BEDDING, CROCKERY, CHINA. ALSO A CAR. WE ARE OK FOR GASOLINE WITH THE OPA, BUT AS YET NO CAR. FOR THE NEXT STEP—AS THE FIRST STEP OF FH—IS ALL FOR THE SERVICE OF GOD.

### Friendship House Lecture Bureau

Bookings Open For:

BARONESS C. DE HUECK

ANN HARRIGAN

NANCY GRENNELL

For

AUTUMN—1944

WINTER—1944-45

Write

CATHERINE DE HUECK

8 West Walton Place, Chicago 10, Ill.

## Blessed Mother in Harlem

By MABEL KNIGHT

**A**S the staff members of Friendship House make their half-hour meditation at St. Mark the Evangelist's on 138th street, off Lenox avenue in Harlem, these lovely May afternoons, they see many colored children of Our Lady come and kneel before her statue. In the soft indirect light she holds out her little Son, both of them wearing crowns, to her clients. But in spite of her magnificence she is Blessed Mother to them all. They know that she, too, was turned away from an inn, even as they are refused a place, until the rude shelter of a stable was acceptable to her, as their one-room slum flats are to them. She fled into Egypt to protect her Child from a wicked king even as they flee from the South or Cape Cod where their children may be lynched, though innocent, or condemned to the slower, more soul-destroying death of all their hopes of a fuller life than merely picking cranberries or cotton, in spite of the abilities God has given them.

Mrs. B., who has just come in, knows how Our Lady felt as she sought her Son sorrowing. When her boy did not return from Coney Island by eleven o'clock she got dressed, went there on the subway, and inquired anxiously at the police precinct station. There are so many ways for a boy to get into trouble in New York, particularly when you have just made him give up a gang which had him almost completely terrorized. He may have met one of the boys, refused to join him, and been knifed. Worse yet, he may have gone back to the gang and knifed someone else. Mary feared only trouble from without, but the boys of these mothers are not divine. They may have troubles from within, also. But Blessed Mother loves their souls even better than their own mothers. She saw to it that this boy was safe at his aunt's home. And in the dark face turned up to the white one is a heart-warming "Thank you!"

**H**ERE comes Sarah. She always says, "Blessed Mother is very good to me. She never refuses me anything." Sarah had a bad ulcer on her leg. The doctor said she should go to the hospital for an operation, but Sarah has an old, bedridden father. (Before he was laid up with rheumatism he brought vegetables to Madonna Flat every week.) She also has a young daughter. Our Lady knows young girls need a mother to look after them so Sarah asked that she might not have to

go to the hospital and the ulcer is healed.

Anna cannot come in the afternoon. She works hard long hours. But on Monday nights she comes to the Legion of Mary meetings. Several other nights she visits sick or fallen-away Catholics or prospective converts. Sunday mornings at the hospitals she wheels the sick into the chapel. Blessed



Mother is her model and very generous indeed is her service of the divine Son in this greatest mission field in the world.

Now "Grandma" comes in. Social workers say, "The old women of Harlem are the best-adjusted psychologically in New York as they fill a social need." How true that is! After bringing up their own

(Continued on page 6)

## Staff Reporter

By N. J. G.

**T**HE Month of May . . . especially rich in great Feast days this year with both the Ascension and Pentecost falling within its thirty-one days. Every year especially lovely because it is dedicated to Our Lady. So, this month we dedicate our little paper of Interracial friendship to You, O Holy Virgin, Queen of Heaven, our greatest friend among the Saints! Spread your blue mantle over it, Gracious Lady, keep it under your protection, please. That it may always do the work God wishes it to do, that it may help spread His Kingdom on Earth.

"Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary! that never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession, was left unaided. Inspired with this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother! To thee I come; before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate! despise not my petition, but, in thy mercy, hear and answer me. Amen."

The Memorare—I could not help quoting it in chance there is even one of our readers not familiar with this beautiful petition. Mother Janet Stuart always referred to this prayer as "the daring Memorare." She felt it was unparalleled in its use of sweeping, all-inclusive terms, and in its simple but almost coldly compelling logic.

If we—who believe in Interracial Justice with all our hearts—if we, together, implored Our Lady more often—particularly during this, Her month—might we not help in ending racial persecution more quickly, than all the Federal legislation could possibly? Nothing is more powerful than prayer! No one more powerful in Heaven than Mary. And is She not—Immaculate Conception—the Patroness of these United States? Surely it must grieve her sorely to see her colored children the prey of white men's ignorance and folly. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not our petitions—hear our

(Continued on page 8)



# Around the House

By ANN HARRIGAN

**PRIDE AND PREJUDICE**—Pride is the root of all prejudice, isn't it? If we didn't think we were better than other races or other nationalities, we wouldn't be prejudiced, would we? We are going to look mighty silly when God asks us "Why did you prefer your pride and prejudice to My Justice?"

**CAUSE FOR REJOICING**—Marge Finigan and Mary Alice Cralley married recently. The Marines were lucky guys in both cases. Friendship House had a special part in both nuptials—no matter what you say, the rose point veil and the real-silk brocade dress were gifts of Blessed Martin, believe it or not! . . .

With the loss of these trusty volunteers we almost weep, but, then, we have a new staff worker (an old volunteer) Bill Flynn, who has his feet on the ground, even if he is only twenty. . . . Then there are those new volunteers, like Gerry Hooper, Peggy Halaburt, Lucille Kelly, Catherine Butler—even if Helen Printy can't cook any more on Wednesday for the twenty-five volunteers' supper, Blessed Martin isn't leaving us entirely in the lurch, as you can see. . . .

Hurrah, Pfc. Dave James is in town for two weeks, and that's fourteen days to breathe in all the fresh air he can before returning South.

**SPLENDOR OF THE LITURGY**—Beg, borrow or steal this book by Father Zundel. "Until about the eleventh century the faithful themselves offered the bread and wine to be changed into Our Lord's Body and Blood. 'A priestly people,' they were more conscious than we of the fact that they offered the sacrifice together with the priest. For they had access to the altar through the fruits of their own labor. It was gifts brought from their homes, materials prepared by their own work, that became for them the mysterious source of a deified life. . . . All men are priests in virtue of their vocation to be 'Christ' among their brethren, though it is not for all to perform the sacramental rite which restores to the Mystical Body the presence of its head. All are sent as living ciboria into a world hungry for God, to inoculate every creature with the Divine leaven. . . ."

**OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES**—John, one of our Brothers Christopher, went to church with Bill one afternoon for a visit. On the way, he explained to Bill: "The first thing you have to do with people that you want to change is to show them that you love them . . . to build a fence around them. After that, they will do anything for you." In Church, John took the last nickel out of his pocket to burn a vigil light.

**WHEN A STAFF WORKER GETS A DAY IN THE COUNTRY**—Blanche and I had a lovely weekend at Saint Mary's, Notre Dame. We prayed, we rested, we read and wrote. Everyone was most gracious to us. One of the high spots was a hike with a holy, witty and altogether charming nun. She took us past the pig pens, the stables and the fields, into the woods bordering the St. Jo River, up and down hills, over and under barbed wire fences, scattering the oak leaves underfoot. We found the first hepaticas bravely casting off their tiny, furry jackets.

## Bishop Sheil Speaks At Friendship House

His Excellency, Bernard J. Sheil, D.D., spoke at Friendship House, April 3, 1944, on "Religion and Race." The Baroness de Hueck was chairman of the evening. After the informal discussion following the Bishop's talk, Ann Harrigan presented various members of the audience to His Excellency.

We were all delighted when His Excellency agreed to bless the house, right then and there!

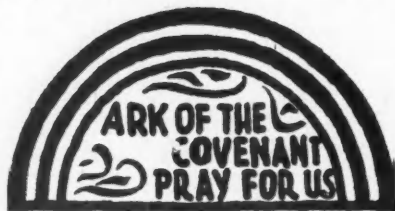
Fifteen years ago, on May 1, Bishop Sheil was consecrated Bishop of Pege and Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago. The patron of a long line of Christian social reforms for the city of Chicago, founder of the nation-wide Catholic Youth Organization, our beloved Bishop is a man of vision and action. May God spare him to us for many years!

## As the Jim Crow Flies

**T**HE recent decision of the Supreme Court that Negroes could vote in the Texas primaries brought joy to advocates of justice for all minority groups. Meanwhile, not a few of the Southern legislatures set about devising ways and means of still depriving the Negro of this essential right. The Constitution still gives the state the right to set down qualifications for voting. South Carolina and Mississippi, in particular, took steps to maintain "white supremacy."

Feb. 11, Father Claude Heithaus, S. J., of St. Louis University, challenged the student body on the question of accepting Negro students. Said Father Heithaus:

"The Catholic Church, denouncing race discrimination in its en-



tyclicals, has said that 'those who enter the Church, whatever be their origin or speech . . . have equal rights as children in the House of the Lord.' But some people say that Negroes have only those rights which the white men condescend to grant them."

Allan A. Archibald.



## KIDS COLUMN

**I**T was the Cubs' last Pack Meeting before Easter. Before telling about how Easter eggs originated in the customs of European peoples who had given up eggs for Lent, I threw out a few introductory questions. Norman's hand went straight up. "O, yes, we have Easter eggs because a little chick can get out of its shell so easy, and that's the way it was for Christ to get out of the tomb."

A snowy, dark afternoon always means a full house and we were no exception. A large circle of boys and girls enjoying mid-afternoon recess. The children were still busy with milk and cookies, with just an occasional "spilling" accident here and there, so things were pretty quiet when the door opened and a diminutive child entered with his mother. A thrill little-boy voice crossed the room with: "Look, Chinese!" and a tense little arm pointed toward the object of amazement.

(My heart began to seethe with cross-currents. Did the new child hear and would it keep him from ever coming back? Was it so natural, after all, for children to harbor prejudices? Or had this sudden outburst just seemed spontaneous?)

The next day the quiet part of recess was spent in thinking up the reasons we could give. We would want to be nice to every child who ever comes to the Casino and try to make him feel at home in as friendly a way as we can. It took a little time, but finally we got down to the basic reason why Gloria announced with rock-solid firmness: "We should be nice to everyone because God made them."

Christianity is not so much man's search for God as God's search for man.

# THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST RECENT ENCYCLICAL OF POPE PIUS XII

## First Part (Continued)

### The Church the Body of Christ

The Church is a body and, in a real sense, the body of Jesus Christ.

The Mystical Body of Christ, the Church, was born from the side of the Savior on the cross like the new Eve, mother of all the living.

(By Christ's death, the old law, confining itself to the Jews, was changed.

The new law brought the riches of Christ's redemption to all men, *being confined to no boundaries of race or territory.*)

Now, who is the head of this Body?

Saint Paul gives us the answer—"Christ is the Head of the Body, the Church." Saint Thomas Aquinas, too, has written brilliantly on this subject, but what he says is only a faithful reflection of the writings of the Fathers of the Church. These, in turn, merely repeated and commented on the Sacred Scriptures. Now Christ rules His Body in two ways—from within and from without.

#### From Within:—

It is He who reigns in the minds and hearts of men, "The Shepherd and Bishop of our souls." He never ceases, personally, to guide men and His Church with an unseen hand.

#### From Without:—

Christ, Our Lord, entrusted to Peter the visible government of the Church He founded, and the successors of Peter are His Vicars on earth.

A marvelous thing now appears: Holding as He does the position of eminence as head of the Body, Christ *yet requires His members to help Him.*

Deep mystery, this—subject of much meditation—*That the salvation of many depends on the prayers and voluntary penances which we members of the Mystical Body offer to our Divine Savior as His associates.*

We all have this responsibility—to bear witness by our conduct that we are Christ's.

Consider these striking words spoken to Saint Paul when he was yet attacking the Church: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

Which means, the Church is Christ and Christ is the Church.

Which means, to us it has been granted to collaborate with Christ for His Church.

## THE CHURCH IS THE BODY OF CHRIST

In a natural body, each part is so united to others that each lacks independent life.

But in the Mystical Body, the mutual union links the members by a bond which leaves each one's personality intact.

This we stress—the Church is



not a mere moral union of principles, a code of ethics.

It is far superior to all other human societies. It surpasses them as grace surpasses nature.

And the reason?

It is the Spirit of Our Redeemer, who until the end of time, penetrates every part of the Church's being, and is active within it.

They err, therefore, who either think the Church is something hidden and invisible or who see it as a mere human institution.

No! The Church has the power to communicate supernatural life.

And even though there appear in the Church weaknesses, coming from our human nature, God sometimes permits these to test our faith.

For, remember, Christ does not want to exclude sinners from His Church.

Therefore, O Christian, when we call the Body of Christ *Mystical*, let us recall the warning of Saint Leo:

"Recognize, O Christian, your dignity, and being made a sharer of the divine nature go not back to your former worthlessness along the way of unseemly conduct. Keep in mind of what Head and of what Body you are a member."

## END OF PART ONE

(To be continued)

## BOOK REVIEW NEGROES IN BRAZIL

By Donald Pierson, Ph.D.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, one of the most informed visitors to Brazil, has said: "If I were asked to name the one point in which there is a complete difference between the Brazilians and ourselves, I should say it was in the attitude to the black man."

This is a basic book. It explains how the race problem was solved early in the history of this part of Brazil called Bahia. Here, about 1500, Portuguese explorers settled and lived with the Indian women, at first, and then later, with the Negro women who came as slaves from Africa. Of course, the padres kept hounding their charges to marry the women, and finally secured strong enough backing from bishops and statesmen in Portugal to enforce the law of God. It would seem that one of the most obvious conclusions to be drawn from the book (incidentally written by a non-Catholic) is that the Catholic Church has been a most important factor in the smooth relations existing there for many years.

"One thing that makes the racial situation in Brazil interesting is the fact that, having a Negro population proportionally larger than the U. S., Brazil has no race problem," says Mr. Robert Park in his introduction.

We North Americans ought to look into his book and see how a country with a Catholic culture has solved the race problem.

Recently, the United States Navy broke an established tradition by commissioning twelve Negroes as ensigns. These men hope eventually to be assigned to Navy patrol boats and destroyer escorts. More commissions are expected later.

## Subscribe to FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

50 Cents a Year

Get Your Friends to  
Subscribe!

34 West 135th Street  
New York 30, New York



## Blessed Mother in Harlem

(Continued from page 3)

sons and daughters they take over their daughter's responsibilities if the daughter has to go out to work. Because of the miserable wages her husband gets or because he left her when he was unable to get a job and didn't want to be merely another mouth to feed. "Grandma" is clever with her needle and brings in a little money. At the Thrift Club one night she spoke against demanding security for loans and another member said, "You have too much Jesus in you!" And "Grandma," with the dignity of a queen, said, "Thank you. I wish I had more." Already in her mind are plans for the Fathers' Day collection she takes up for the Priests of the parish. She cannot climb the six flights of stairs that the younger members of the Legion of Mary do but she says the Rosary while they climb and every day finds her at Mass and Communion.

**N**OW enters Mrs. C. She has a lot of trouble with her feet and a slight palsy of the head, which used to be much worse before she decided to go to daily Mass and Communion. After Mass she goes to the home of another member of the Mothers' Club who is now blind and has lost a leg due to diabetes. Mrs. C. gets breakfast for her friend, gives her the injection with the needle and tidies up the house. Our Lady's Visitation is her inspiration.

Another mother has not come to St. Mark's yet since she arrived in New York. She is a good mother in every way but that one. For a motto she has her old mother's saying, "It is no disgrace to be raggedy but it is a disgrace to be dirty." She is ambitious for her children and maybe soon, with the help of Blessed Mother and the Holy Ghost, she will understand that a mother who goes to church and sees that her children do, is doing the very finest thing she can for them.

Truly, Blessed Mother is well-loved in Harlem. One day a statue of her was missed in the clothing room. The following Monday came a woman with a child's mind and told Marie that she had taken the statue. When she went to Confession the priest demanded that she return the statue. She said, "I'll go to hell with that statue in my

arms!" The priest made her understand that Our Lady would be closer to her if she returned the statue, but Marie didn't have the heart to take it back. The joy of that poor creature going off with the cheap plaster statue in her arms was something to remember.

Before the gold-crowned image in St. Mark's a little curly-headed brown boy is kneeling, looking up into her face. Beside him are vigil lights in blue and white, gold, emerald, and crimson, each one representing the hope of his people in their Blessed Mother. Surely there must be better times in store for them who have such great devotion to her. Mother most pure, Virgin most powerful, Virgin most merciful, Mirror of Justice, pray for your children in all the Harlems of America!

Christ is in everyone with whom we come into contact. In our employer, our secretary, our office boy, in our grocer, our plumber, in the policeman, in our cook, in our bishop, in our husband, wife and child, our friend, our lover, our pet aversion.

You can think of anyone you like, in that person Christ is, and is there to be known and loved and served, in this world. If we are not interested in the minds, feelings, hopes, fears, sorrows, and joys of everyone with whom we come into contact, we are not interested in Christ.

—Caryll Houselander,  
in "Defenses of the Mind."



To the Blessed Virgin  
To me, as flowers to weeds,  
As stars to stones,  
You are beautiful!

Ah, more than a night with music,  
More than a forest in spring,  
You are delicate and fair!

Let me, from far away,  
Love you, Mother of Christ;  
Let me salute you,  
You crowned forever with stars!

WALTER CONLEY  
Harlem Staff Worker

## Lights and Shadows

(Continued from page 1)

of the guests, served coffee and cake.

On the following Saturday there were fifteen people. And on the Saturday after that there were twenty.

Some of the original guests stopped coming—for various reasons—but the number of people who did attend these Saturday nights steadily increased, until they were too numerous for the little flat.

Many of them were young people, boys and girls who might have spent these evenings at a movie, a dance, a different sort of party. Many others were elderly people, some coming long distances.

Nothing halted these meetings. Not snow, nor rain, nor fog, nor slush, nor stifling nights when no breath stirred. No subject was tabooed, so long as it had any connection at all with the hunger of man for God.

The little flat became too crowded for the throngs who came.

The talk of God is a heady wine. Most of those who sip of it once return again and again to the cup; and many bring their friends to drink it with them—and drink it more avidly every time.

**O**NE of the parish priests, seeing the plight of the hostess, came to the rescue by offering the use of the Church library, a spacious room equipped with a kitchenette and an electric ice box. And now the guests are counted in the scores.

There are no pietistic exercises. There are no formal prayers—yet there was a night when a gifted singer was present, on leave from the U. S. Navy. He sang hymns, and thirty or forty voices joined in.

There is only a discussion of Catholic beliefs, a discussion by lay men and women. But to some of the guests—especially those who do not know their religion well, and to those who are not Catholics—these discussions are more affecting than a mission preached in a church.

It may be added, as a sort of postscript, perhaps—that they can be held in any city, town, or village in the world; say in your own locality, your own neighborhood, even your own front parlor.

## The Baroness Jots it Down

**I** WRITE this column from the Convent of Our Lady of the Cenacle at 513 Fullerton Parkway, Chicago (14) Illinois. It is devoted, as are all the Houses of the Ladies of the Cenacle, to Retreats. I am just finishing mine. And I am full of wonder. Why is it that not all Catholics avail themselves of the great opportunity of making a closed retreat? There are in almost all the cities of America, Convents and Monasteries devoted to this wonderful work of allowing men and women of the world to come apart for a little while and, in silence and recollected prayer, stay with the Lord.

What an immense privilege. How refreshed and strengthened one becomes even after ONE day with Him in silence. There is something holy and calming about that silence of His, that we enter in. Life and all the great and small details of it, all its worries and pains, suddenly fall into their proper place, and cease clamoring and intruding themselves on us...but become what they are—precious splinters of His Cross, that we must accept if we wish to share His glory.

In these strange, tragic days, when the majority of us live unnatural lives full of fears for our loved ones far away...Full of difficulties and trials...when the future is so uncertain and dark...what better place is there than a Cenacle...an Upper Room...to gather in...to allow the flames of the Holy Ghost to descend on us too, and cleanse us...renew us...giving us strength and faith to go on, not discarding our Cross, but firmly grasping it, and resolutely following Christ...There is in this particular Cenacle a daily Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Friends of Chicago...why not drop in and "Watch an Hour with Christ?" from Mass at 7:15 a.m. till Benediction at 5 p.m. There He is...waiting for you on the altar...Why not drop in? You can have a special hour with Him all your own, weekly if you wish, or monthly...Why not make this "Date with God?" If you are interested, contact Rev. Mother Superior at the above address.

**YES, I WONDER WHY MORE CATHOLICS DO NOT MAKE AN ANNUAL CLOSED RETREAT... WHY THEY "DO NOT COME APART AND REST A WHILE AT CHRIST'S FEET."**

**W**HO has a davenport and a large desk...writing desk...to give away? Mrs. Carmen Welch of Nazareth House, Ramsey, Illinois. R. R. 1...needs

these badly. She will pay the freight charges. Nazareth House is a lovely and strange place. It is in the rural depths of the flat plains of Illinois. It is a farm and it is more. Thousands of garments are given out from it to the needy of the countrysides. Some are even sent further into still poorer rural areas. **ANY CLOTHING TO SPARE? SEND IT THERE TOO.**

Many are fed there. Between them and their neighbors they have only two sets of farming tools, and they will work together and share them. I don't quite see how it is going to work, considering that nature has a way of demanding that fields of corn, etc., must all be worked at the same time. But the Welches seem optimistic on that score. It must be faith. However, if there are any farming tools to spare...**HOW ABOUT SENDING**



**THEM THERE? THEY EVIDENTLY CAN USE THEM.**

Also **GOOD CATHOLIC BOOKS...THEY HAVE A LIBRARY FOR THE LONG WINTER MONTHS.** Let us all always remember that the Mystical Body of Christ IS A REALITY...and in it the needs of Nazareth House are OUR NEEDS.

The cry for the use of Negro Army units in combat seems to have been answered. The Negro press reports that elements of the 93rd Infantry Division and the 24th Infantry Regiment have seen action against the Japanese. As yet the white press has given little publicity to the exploits of Negro units overseas, save the 99th Pursuit Squadron.

## BOOK REVIEW

By Catherine DeHueck

### THE PATH OF HUMILITY.

Anonymous. Newman Book Shop, Westminster, Md.

**M**ANY and manifold are the questions that arise in the mind of all Catholics, when by the grace of God, they are moved to consider their last end and the way to it.

Alas, only too often do these important spiritual questions remain unanswered, because the books to which people turn for these answers, confuse the reader, more than they encourage or clarify.

"The Path of Humility," by the author of "Spiritual Progress," who evidently wishes to remain anonymous, is a rare exception to this general rule. Lucid...perhaps, translucent...is the word, for his treatment of the fragrant, shy virtue of Humility, that footstool of Charity, without which there is no salvation.

Meditation after meditation opens new vistas to the never-ending fight with the sin of Lucifer-Pride. Simple is the language. Simple in their grandeur are the thoughts, explanations, points and resolutions, that draw with the hand of an artist the sweet face of Humility.

It is a book for our days. For they are days of Pride...Pride that took hold of Nations...and is even now, riding high on the white steed of Death! For the cardinal sin of the last decade has been, and is, pride. Let those of us who have eyes and see it...read **THE PATH OF HUMILITY**...so that we might walk it!

### Clothing Needed!

Mission Salvage Bureau  
150 Orient Avenue  
Orient Heights, Mass.

### Books Needed by

Merchant Marine Office  
San Francisco, Calif.

## Letter to Cobb

(Continued from page 1)

teemed. But let me quote you again:

**"K**INDLY...avoid reading the so-called Christian burial service which, in view of the language employed in it, I regard as one of the most cruel and paganish things inherited by our forbears from our remote pagan ancestors...In deference to the faith of our dear mother, perhaps the current pastor of the First Presbyterian church would consent to read the Twenty-third Psalm, which was her favorite passage in the scriptures and is mine since it contains no charnel words. No morbid mouthings about corruption and decay and being mercifully without creed or dogma, carries no threat of eternal hell-fire for those parties we do not like, no direct promise of a heaven which, if one may judge by the people who are surest of going there, must be a powerfully dull place, populated to a considerable and uncomfortable degree by prigs, time-servers, and unpleasantly aggressive individuals. Hell may have a worse climate," you said, "but undoubtedly the company is sprightlier."

Upon first glance at your intended-to-be comical remarks the less discerning individual attaches little significance to what you say because it is subtly camouflaged by your literary technique. But the keener observer, upon closer examination, is both astonished and appalled by your obvious spiritual immaturity. You are a spiritual infant—an adolescent soul—slightly more intellectually respectable than an atheist.

**J**ESUS CHRIST to you was not so much God as an ordinary mortal who happened to be "the first true gentleman of recorded history and the greatest gentleman that ever lived." Almost totally materialistic in your concept of life you dare to apply the term "paganish" to the Christian burial service! You are consistently inconsistent, contradicting yourself shamelessly. And you are so steeped in ignorance of the higher values in life that you boast "I'm proud that I never set my-

self up to be my brother's keeper." What a memorial tribute to your intelligence, Mr. Cobb!

You indulge in an orgy of foolish wisdom in order to assert your independence of any Supreme Being. And you break faith with all those who respected and admired you as a philosopher and an influential thinker. Indeed, some confused commentators hailed your posthumous essay as "characterized by typical pungent wit and humor." If crudity and flippancy, smugness and illogical reasoning characterize your wit and humor as "pungent," Mr. Cobb, then I must agree that it is pungent. But the pathetic aspect lies not so much in the fact that you disappointed your admirers, who expected bread and you gave them stones, but in the realization that you failed yourself so magnificently.

Instead of possessing nothing and yet having all things, you possessed all things and yet had nothing. For you lived a lie, Mr. Cobb, and you ignored the significance of being true to yourself. You deluded yourself by insisting that only humanity deserved consideration and then only for reasons of personal convenience and physical comfort. But regardless of whether you are now in that "powerfully dull place" called heaven or where the company in "sprightlier," I am certain, Mr. Cobb, that you regret sincerely that you did not adhere to some creed or dogma more consonant with your dignity as a rational creature of God endowed with an immortal soul. For surely you must realize now, although too late perhaps, that truly "the greatest unhappiness in this world is not to become a saint."

*Humbly yours,*

An American College Student.

*Never forget that to be a Catholic is to carry the whole world in your heart.*

Return Postage Guaranteed  
FRIENDSHIP HOUSE  
34 West 135th St., New York 30, N. Y.

## Staff Reporter

(Continued from page 3)

cries for justice, for charity, we pray!

**T**HE unbelievable has happened. And yet I should not say "unbelievable," for at Friendship House little "miracles" of God's grace are daily occurrences. Just being on this street is unbelievable enough... but listen to this. In tenements, as you are well aware, if there isn't a leak somewhere, there is a broken faucet. Or the ice-box door is hanging on one hinge. Or the light won't go on in the bathroom. Or the floor is broken in a clubroom and sagging in the other.

Well, lately, the Cubs' clubroom had reached the point where something **JUST HAD TO BE DONE** and that "something" in this case, included **EVERYTHING**. The linoleum is cracked, ragged, broken—a real danger to running, dancing little feet. Painted walls, washed so often, there is no more paint to wash. Cracked benches. Table legs rickety. O, many things need doing. What to do? Obviously ask the Holy Ghost. He "said," beg. So we did, and so we are.

Already He sent us two friends. One is going to take care of the carpentry. The other, of the painting. That leaves the linoleum. Now linoleum is expensive—very. A lot is required. And cheap linoleum wouldn't last a month—not with fifty pairs of feet playing on it. Who can help us? It will cost about \$100.00, maybe more. Funny how important linoleum and paint are in fighting delinquency. A cheerful, gay room where children can play—a place that beckons them from the street and its evils. A shabby, dull room—nothing attractive there—and they stay outside. And Christ, what does He think? Which pleases Him? We know the answer. Can you help, please?